



THE
CONNOISSEUR.

By Mr. T O W N,
CRITIC and CENSOR-GENERAL.

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Nicet Parasitica arti maximam in malam crucem!

Abeo ab illis, postquam video me sic ludificari.

Pergo ad alios: venio ad alios: deinde ad alios: una res:

PLAUT.

To Mr. T O W N.

SIR!



AM one of those idle people, (of whom you have lately given an account) who not being bred to any business, or able to get a livelihood by work, have taken up the more servile trade of an *Hanger-on*.

I FIRST served my time with an old nobleman in the country; and as I was a distant relation of his lordship's, I was

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admitted to the honour of attending him in the double capacity of valet, and apothecary. My business in a morning was to wait on him at dressing-time; to hold the basin while he washed his hands, buckle his shoes, and tie on his neck-cloth. Besides this, his lordship had such a regard for me, that nobody but myself was ever trusted with cutting his corns, or paring his toe-nails: and whenever he was sick, it was always my office to hold his head during the operation of an emetic, to attend him in the water-closet when he took a cathartic, and sometimes to administer a clyster. If his lordship had no company, I was, indeed, permitted to sit at table with him: but when he received any visitors more grand than ordinary, I was equipped (together with some of the best-looking tenants) in a tye-wig, full-trimmed coat and laced-waistcoat, in order to swell the retinue of his servants out of livery. I bore my slavery with the greatest degree of patience; as my lord would often hint to me, that I was provided for in his will. However, I had the mortification to find myself supplanted in his good graces by the Chaplain, who had always looked upon me as his rival, and contrived at length to out-wheel, out-fawn, and out-crige me. In a word, my lord died:—and while the Chaplain (who constantly prayed by him during his last illness) had the consolation of having a good benefice secured to him in the will, my name was huddled among those of the common servants, with no higher legacy than twenty guineas to buy mourning.

WITH this small pittance (besides what I had made a shift to squeeze out of the tenants and tradesmen, as fees for my good word, when I had his lordship's ear) I came up to town; and embarked all I was worth in fitting myself

self out as a gentleman. Soon after, as good luck would have it, the nephew and heir of my old lord came from abroad: when I contrived to wind me into his favour by abusing his deceased uncle, and fastened myself upon him. It is true, he supported me; admitted me into an equal share of his purse: but considering the dangers to which I was constantly exposed on his account, I regarded his bounties as only plaisters to my sores. My head, back and ribs have received many a payment, which should have been placed to his lordship's account: and I once narrowly escaped being hanged for murdering a poor fellow, whom my lord in a frolick had run through the body. My patron, among other marks of his taste, kept a mistress; and I, as his particular crony and a man of honour, was allowed to visit her. It happened one evening he unfortunately surpris'd us in some unguarded familiarities together. But my lord was so far from being enraged at it, that he only turned madam out of the room, and very coolly kicked me down stairs after her.

I WAS now thrown upon the wide world again: but as I never wanted assurance, I soon made myself very familiarly acquainted with a young gentleman from *Ireland*, who was just come over to *England* to spend his estate here. I must own, I had some difficulty in keeping on good terms with this new friend; as I had so many of his own countrymen to contend with, who all claimed a right of acquaintance with him, and some of them even pretended to be related to him. Besides, they all persuaded the young squire, that they had fortunes in different parts of *Ireland*; though not one of them had any real estate any more than myself: though, indeed, I also had a nominal 1500 *l. per Ann.* in
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the *West-Indies*. These furious fellows (for, Sir, they would all fight) gave me much trouble: however, I found out my young friend's foible, and in spite of his countrymen became his inseparable companion. He was not only very fond of women, but had a particular passion for new faces; and to humour this inclination, I was perpetually on the look-out to discover fresh pieces for him. I brought him mantua-makers, milliners, and servant-maids in abundance; and at length grew so great a favourite by having prevailed on one of my own cousins to comply with his proposals, that I verily believe he would soon have made me easy for life in an handsome annuity, if he had not been unfortunately run through the body in a duel by one of his own countrymen.

I NEXT got into favour with an old colonel of the guards, who happened to take a fancy to me one evening at the *Tilt Yard* coffee-house, for having carried off a pint bumper more than a lieutenant of a man of war, that had challenged my toast. As his sole delight was centered in the bottle, all he required of me was to drink glass for glass with him; which I readily complied with, as he always paid my reckoning. When sober he was the best-humoured man in the world: but he was very apt to be quarrelsome and extremely mischievous when in liquor. He has more than once flung a bottle at my head, and emptied the contents of a bowl of punch in my face: sometimes he has diverted himself by setting fire to my ruffles, shaking the ashes of his pipe over my perriwig, or making a thrust at me with the red-hot poker: and I remember he once soufed me all over with the urine of the whole company, by clapping a large pewter Jordan topsy-turvy upon my head. All these indignities

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I very patiently put up with, as he was sure to make me double amends for them the next morning: and I was very near procuring a commission in the army through his interest, when to my great disappointment he was suddenly carried off by an apoplexy.

You will be surpris'd when I tell you, that I next contrived to squeeze myself into the good opinion of a rich old curmudgeon, a city-merchant, and one of the circumcised. He could have no objection to my religion, as I used to spend every Sunday with him at his country-house, where I preferred playing at cards to going to church. Nor could I, indeed, get any thing out of him beyond a dinner: but I had higher points in view. As he had nobody to inherit his fortune but an only daughter, (who was kept always in the country) I became so desperately in love with her, that I would even have turned *Jew* to obtain her. Instead of that, I very foolishly made a *Christian* of her, and we were privately married at the *Fleet*. When I came to break the matter to the father, and to make an apology for having converted her, he received me with a loud laugh. "Sir," says he, if my child had married the *DEVIL*, he should "have had every penny that was her due. But—as she is "only my Bastard, the law cannot oblige me to give her a "farthing."

THIS I found to be too true: and very happily for me my *Christian* wife had so little regard for her new religion, that she again became an apostate, and was taken into keeping (to which I readily gave my consent) by one of her own tribe and complexion. I shall not tire you with a particular detail of what has happened to me since: I shall only ac-

quaint you, that I have exactly followed the precept of "becoming all things to all men." I was once supported very splendidly by a young rake of quality for my wit in talking blasphemy and ridiculing the bible, till my patron shot himself through the head: and I lived at bed and board with an old Methodist lady for near a twelve-month on account of my zeal for the New Doctrine, till one of the maid-servants wickedly laid a child to me. At present, Mr. TOWN, I am quite out of employ; having just lost a very profitable place, which I held under a great man in quality of his Pimp. My disgrace was owing to the baseness of an old *Covent-Garden* acquaintance, whom I palmed upon his honour for an innocent creature just come out of the country: but the hussy was so ungrateful, as to bestow on both of us convincing marks of her thorough knowledge of the town.

I am, Sir, Your very humble Servant,

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PETER SUPPLE.

To Mr. TOWN.

SIR,

I Have a little God-Daughter in the Country, to whom I every Year send some diverting and instructive Book for a *New-Year's-Gift*: I would therefore beg you to recommend to me one fit for the Purpose; which will oblige

Your Humble Servant,

T—W—

To Mr. T—W—

SIR,

I Know no Book so fit for your Purpose as the CONNOISSEUR, lately published in *Two Pocket Volumes*; which I would further recommend to all Fathers and Mothers, Grand-Fathers and Grand-Mothers, Uncles and Aunts, God-Fathers and God-Mothers, to give to their Sons and Daughters, Grand-Sons and Grand-Daughters, Nephews and Nieces, God-Sons and God-Daughters;—as being undoubtedly the best Present at this Season of the Year, that can possibly be thought of.

TOWN, CONNOISSEUR.

N. B. *Large Allowance to those who buy Quantities to give away.*